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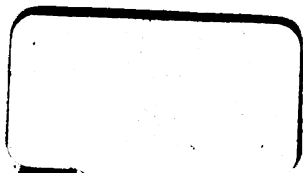
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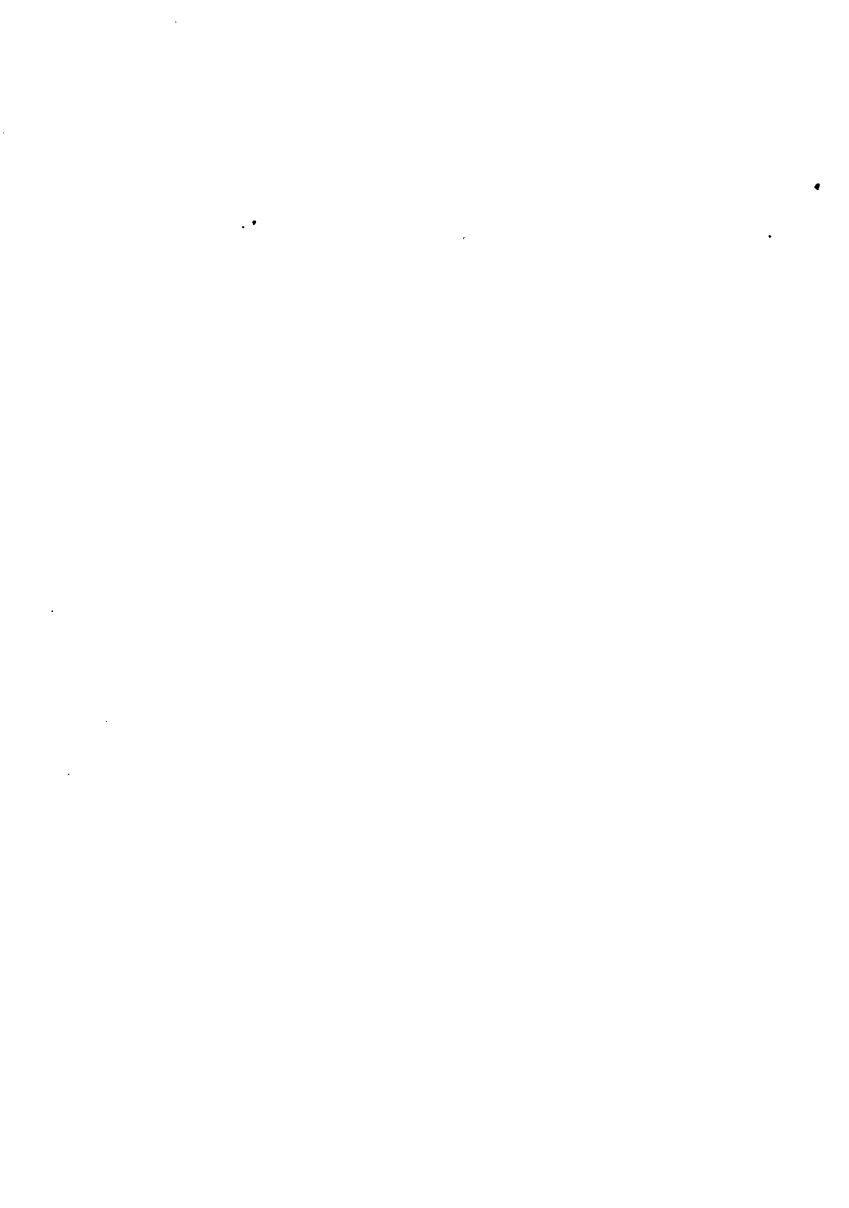
THE INNER PLACE

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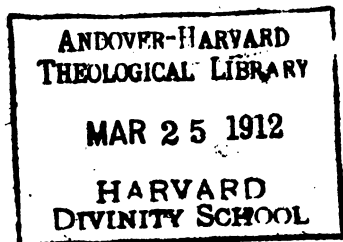
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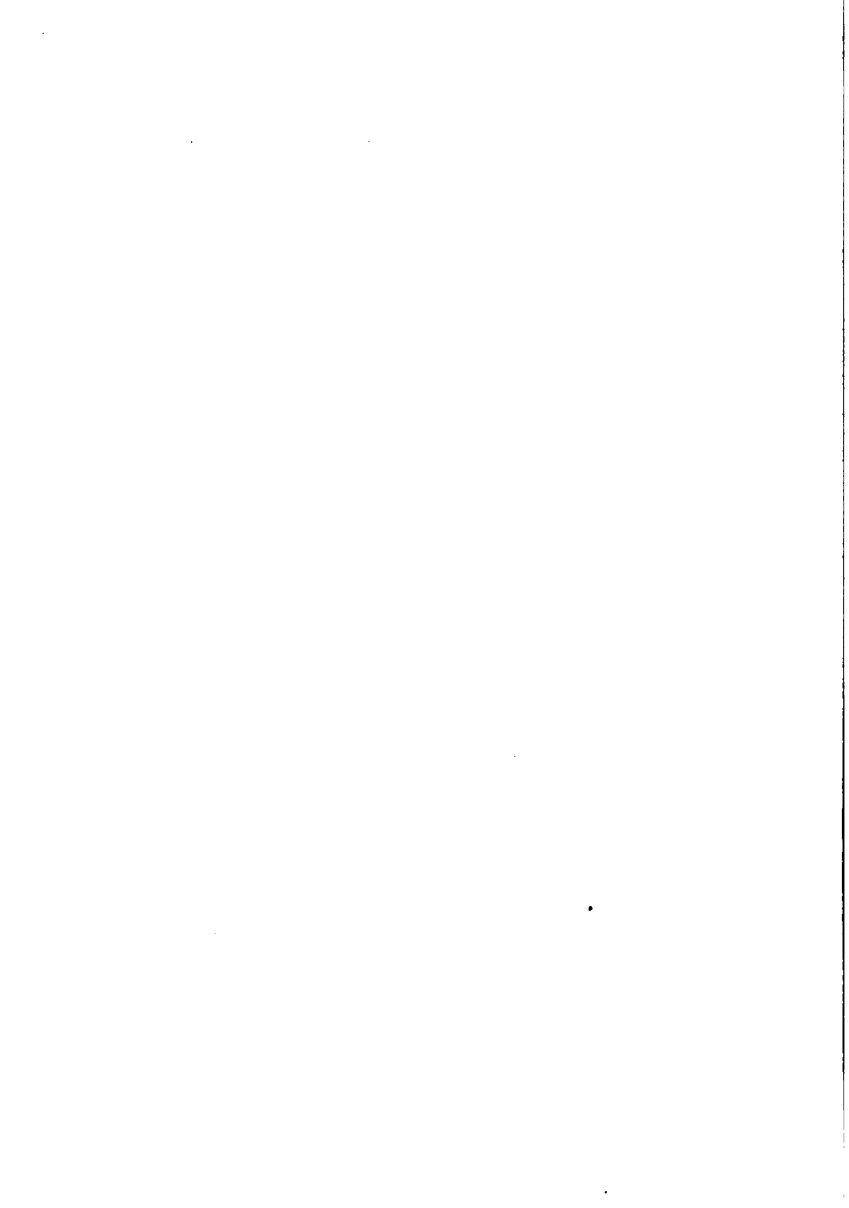
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My dear ones, making sunshine in my life  
With warmth of present love, and you, as dear,  
Whose memory chastens gladness, like a cloud  
In white solemnity that dims the sun  
Yet gives divinest beauty to the day,  
These words I dedicate to you alone,  
You who have understood that what we feel  
Is dearer far to me than what we know.



*THE world unseen in which our spirits live,  
I liken to a temple, high and fair,  
Built by the work of unremembered hands,  
The aspirations of forgotten hearts ;  
And Knowledge is the building's outer court,  
Filled with the light of energetic day.  
But Poetry lingers in the inner place,  
Among the mystic shadows, by the shrines  
Where thought is lost in worship, sacrifice,  
Forever speaking to the Christ in man,  
The sweet divinity of motherhood,  
And saintly types of virgin innocence.  
Yet even she the temple's inmost heart,  
The Holiest of Holies, may not tread ;  
The deepest mystery hushes mortal speech, —  
Here in the silence we can but adore.*



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# THE INNER PLACE.



## GIOTTO'S DANTE.

TENDER, melancholy, proud,  
Thoughtful, wistful, scornful face,  
With prophetic sight endowed,  
Dost behold thy future place,

Where the years, with measured beat,  
Passing solemnly and slow,  
Cast their laurels at thy feet,  
Each, with homage, as they go ?

Canst thou see, O face inspired,  
In a land to thee unknown,  
Hearts will by thy words be fired,  
Strangers claim thee as their own ?



*THE INNER PLACE.*

Have we called thee hard and stern,  
Shuddering at thine awful song,  
Where the vivid verses burn  
With a fiery hate of wrong ?

We forget, so safe and free,  
Nurtured by a gentler age,  
Here, the stormy times we see  
Mirrored in the poet's page.

Round him upon every hand  
Sounds the din of civil strife ;  
Parties each in turn demand  
Blow for blow and life for life.

Malice, treachery, and hate  
Strive to darken his fair fame ;  
Florence only when too late  
Brings her honors to his name.

Let us turn to read the song  
Where the souls are purged from sin,  
Bearing gladly sufferings long,  
Peace and purity to win.

Here reviving airs of hope  
Gently breathe throughout the lines ;  
Here his tenderness hath scope,  
His diviner nature shines.

Still unwritten was the book  
When the artist loved to trace  
This fair countenance ; but look !  
We can read it in the face.

## LINES

IN A COPY OF THE "RUBAIYAT" OF OMAR  
KHAYAM.

WITHIN these pages lies a curse  
Poured out upon the universe  
And on its Maker, who has joy  
In forming only to destroy ;  
Who first his creature doth create  
The true to love, the false to hate,  
Then the ideal shrined within  
Spoils with inevitable sin ;  
The slave to Destiny's behest,  
Plants Freedom's spirit in his breast,  
And gives him tender hopes to blast  
With desolation sure at last ;  
While this the sad conclusion thence :  
Enjoy the pleasures of the sense.

Oh, is it well for us to read  
A prophet of this rayless creed,  
Surely by all in darker mood  
Too intimately understood ?  
Should we not wrench our thoughts away,  
And turn our faces to the day ?

Still must we hold each doubt and fear  
Till Truth has made her meaning clear.  
In living well the answer lies ;  
By loving much we grow more wise.  
When we have lived our problems out,  
We calmly read the words of doubt,  
Pleased with their strength, since still we find  
A stronger answer in the mind.  
The love resigned with tears and pain  
Had never grown so dear in vain,  
But as a stream when checked below  
May rise until its overflow  
O'er thirsty fields around doth run,  
It makes a thousand out of one.

## WHEN I CONSIDER THE HEAVENS.

THE book fell on my knee :  
    Before my dazzled sight  
    There rose a vision bright  
Of myriad worlds that are and are to be.

Still onward soared my thought,  
    Far from its place of birth  
    Upon our little earth,  
Till man and all his human hopes were nought,

Nor love had any place ;  
    Then, terrified, in vain  
    I sought my God again,  
The Father, lost in endless realms of space.

Whence could the answer come ?  
    “ He heeds us not,” I said.  
    Despairing, raised my head,  
And saw the face which makes the earth my home.

It breathed, " Beloved, see !  
A universe of light  
And energy and might  
Disdaineth not to make this gift for thee."

And He, who holds the sun  
But as a stanza writ  
In his vast poem of the infinite,  
Is mindful of the love of one to one.

## DUMB.

MY thought mounts upward to the skies,  
Beyond the shining stars it flies,  
And reads through all the wondrous whole  
Celestial meanings for the soul.  
Would I might find some fitting speech  
These heavenly messages to teach !

I listen to the symphony :  
It wakes an answering mood in me ;  
The music echoes in my breast,  
And yet my thought is unexpressed.  
Another's breathes in every tone :  
Ah, could I utter thus my own !

I see the statue's grand design,  
Where speaks in every curve and line  
The Master's knowledge deep, intense,  
Of other worlds than those of sense.  
His inmost feeling here is shown :  
Oh for the skill to carve my own !

I read in silence and apart  
The record of a poet's heart,  
And feel his burning words inspire  
Within my soul a kindred fire, —  
Conceptions high ; but his alone :  
Could I but once express my own !

It cannot be ; in vain I seek  
The burden of my thought to speak !



## ALL IN ONE.

THE grass, rejoicing in its tender hue, —  
The hue of spring and hope, — reproached the  
sky,  
And bade it change its azure garb for green.  
“ Ah, no ! ” the heaven replied, with deepening blue ;  
“ This teaches faith, and lifts the heart of man  
To things above him : therefore copy me.”  
Then spoke in haste a little crimson flower :  
“ See how I burn with the pure glow of love.  
Alas ! the world is sorrowful and dull,  
That only flowers wear this royal dress.”  
Then I, who saw the sweet variety  
Of earth and sky, and loved the crimson flower,  
Answered them gently : “ Nay, the light doth know  
No separate color, but it holds them all ;  
And from the light do grass and sky and flower,  
Each after its own nature, take the hue  
That harmonizes with its inward make.”

So is it with the various creeds of men :  
One sees the hope for all, and one the faith  
Man owes unquestioning to God above,  
And one the mighty power of love alone.  
Each brings its separate message unto man, —  
A partial message from the eternal whole.

## A LEGEND OF EDEN.

AS Adam wandered at the break of day,  
While Eva still in maiden slumber lay,  
In a far corner, lo, a fresh delight  
Had sprung to being in the quiet night ;  
A blossom-glory sweetened all the place, —  
The fitting emblem of her lovely face.

He raised his hand to pluck the flowers, fain  
To wake her, smiling, in a fragrant rain ;  
Then all the air with sudden fire burned,  
And when his dazzled vision had returned,  
Forbidding him to touch, with flaming sword,  
He saw the shining angel of the Lord.

Three days unheeded flew the golden hours  
Ere he remembered the forbidden flowers,  
And came again with Eve, but only found  
The withered petals covering the ground :  
She wept the flowers that she had not known,  
Their fragrance wasted, and their beauty flown.

Clothed in the radiance of immortal day,  
The angel met them as they turned away ;  
A tender wisdom in his look, he smiled,  
As might a mother on her wayward child,  
Knowing the present loss the fountain whence  
Must spring the future's bounteous recompense.

So passed the lovely season ; came a morn  
When a strange fragrance on the air was borne,  
And hand in hand the two went forth to see  
Its source of promise, till they reached the tree,  
And looking up in admiration mute,  
Beheld the glistening wonder of the fruit.

## DESIGN.

AS once, a careless hour to pass,  
I watched a bursting bud unfold,  
Above the flower I placed my glass,  
To read the story that it told.

And from the petals, rainbow-bright,  
I had not dreamed so fair to see,  
There shot an arrow of delight  
That pierced my being suddenly.

Ah, was the quick, ecstatic thrill  
Foreseen in Nature's hidden law,  
And was the flower designed to fill  
A soul with gratitude and awe?

"Not so," the modern critic cries,  
In pity for this selfish view;  
"The bloom, unmeant for human eyes,  
Protects the petals from the dew."

Yet must I hold the flower and I  
    Related in the selfsame plan,  
For chance could never satisfy  
    This wondrous beauty-sense in man.

A mind divinely wise might see,  
    In pondering o'er a single flower,  
The life of butterfly and bee,  
    The laws of sun and wind and shower.

And as the blossom's tiniest part  
    Its fitting service has to do,  
The gratitude within my heart  
    Must surely have a meaning too.

## THE FIRST SNOWDROP.

WHEN chilly March came in I found  
A snowdrop on the snowy ground.  
Enraptured at the welcome sight,  
I kissed the petals cold and white.  
The frozen earth has not the power  
To paint with bloom its earliest flower,  
But promises that now is near  
The budding glory of the year.

NOVEMBER.

THE color and the warmth are gone,  
The beauty and the glow are fled ;  
And we who love the summer mourn  
Her warblers mute, her flowers dead.

But ere she left us sorrowing she  
A future wealth of beauty planned,  
Fashioned her buds on every tree,  
Scattered her seeds with generous hand.

Then patience! they will safely sleep  
Through winter's cold ; the April rain,  
Awaking them from slumbers deep,  
Will bring the bloom to earth again.



## HER BIRTHDAY.

THE earth rejoices  
    With thousand voices  
Of brooks and birds  
And lowing herds ;  
In freshest green  
Enrobed, I ween  
Thou singest, Earth,  
My darling's birth.  
" O selfish child,"  
She said, and smiled,  
" All creatures share  
My equal care ;  
I gladly sing  
The birth of spring,  
Whom all clear eyes  
Alike may prize.  
But in thine heart,  
Where blossoms start

Of pure desires,  
While thought aspires  
To nobler aims  
And higher claims,  
Rings sweet and strong  
Her birthday song."

## WITH FLORENTINE ANEMONES.

O CITY of the flowers,  
O country of the vine,  
Send me your fairest blossoms  
To give my Valentine.

For here our Earth is lying  
Enwraught in slumbers deep,  
And Spring, her lord, has come not  
To rouse her from her sleep.

My Love is Nature's darling ;  
So gently has she grown,  
I will not send her flowers  
That are not Nature's own,

That man has forced to blossom  
Before the time is set ;  
But June shall bring her rosebuds,  
And May, the violet.

NEMONES.

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THE INNER PLACE

.Then answer, flowery City  
This humble prayer of mine  
And send your earliest blessing  
To deck my Valentine.

Feb. 14, 1885.

## TO MY LADY IN HER SICK-ROOM.

HIGH at thy western window,  
Look down, O Lady mine,  
Where for thy greeting waiteth  
Thy faithful Valentine.

Thou art so far above me,  
Nor lips, nor hands may meet, —  
Thou in thy quiet chamber,  
I in the busy street.

Yet from the toil and hurry  
Thy look may bring release,  
And shed upon me softly  
Thy spirit's sunny peace.

*Feb. 14, 1886.*

ABSENCE.

THOUGHTS can travel  
    O'er land and sea ;  
I pause a moment  
    To think of thee.  
I think of thee, — this narrow room  
Is filled with beauty, light, and bloom.

Thoughts returning,  
    To work must bend,  
To bring, ah, sooner  
    The wishèd end, —  
The blessèd end, when all I see  
The mirror of thyself shall be.

## FAREWELL.

THE birds are flying to the nest,  
And here the twilight has begun,  
While, speeding onward to the West,  
My darling travels with the sun.

O thou whose joy is still complete,  
Howe'er my spirit longs for thee,  
Forever live in sunshine, Sweet, —  
The shadows may abide with me !

DESPONDENCY.

I SAW the salt-marsh in the lovely day  
Stretch wide and silent to the open sky ;  
In many a pool the heaven reflected lay,  
And white cloud-masses floating solemnly.  
Ah, me ! my spirit seems so poor and dry,  
And the fresh tide of life so far away :  
Would it were true some other eyes might see  
The heaven I long to reach revealed in me !



**THE MOTHER.**

**H**ER smile was the baby's sunshine,  
Suffusing the world with light ;  
The reward of the child's endeavor  
To do the difficult right ;  
In the passionate, restless maiden  
It checked the desire to roam ;  
And now to the calmer woman,  
Wherever it is, is home.

TO F——.

NOVEMBER skies are gray,  
The flowers have had their day,  
The summer has passed away ;  
The light and joy we can only remember,  
The present is dark, — I hate November.

Hush ! let complaining end.  
What did November send ?  
A loyal-hearted friend.  
This wonderful gift I would fain remember ;  
Since it brought you, dear, I love November.

## FOR MAYFLOWERS.

**T**HROUGH the winter sleep the flower-buds  
Safely 'neath the drifting snow ;  
Little recks the passing stranger  
Of the future's wealth below.

E'en when Earth from icy fetters  
Spring's divine release receives,  
Careless eyes see not the blossoms  
Nestling underneath the leaves.

One there was who knew and loved them,  
Came and picked a fragrant store,  
And when May's first moon had risen,  
Hung the treasure on my door.

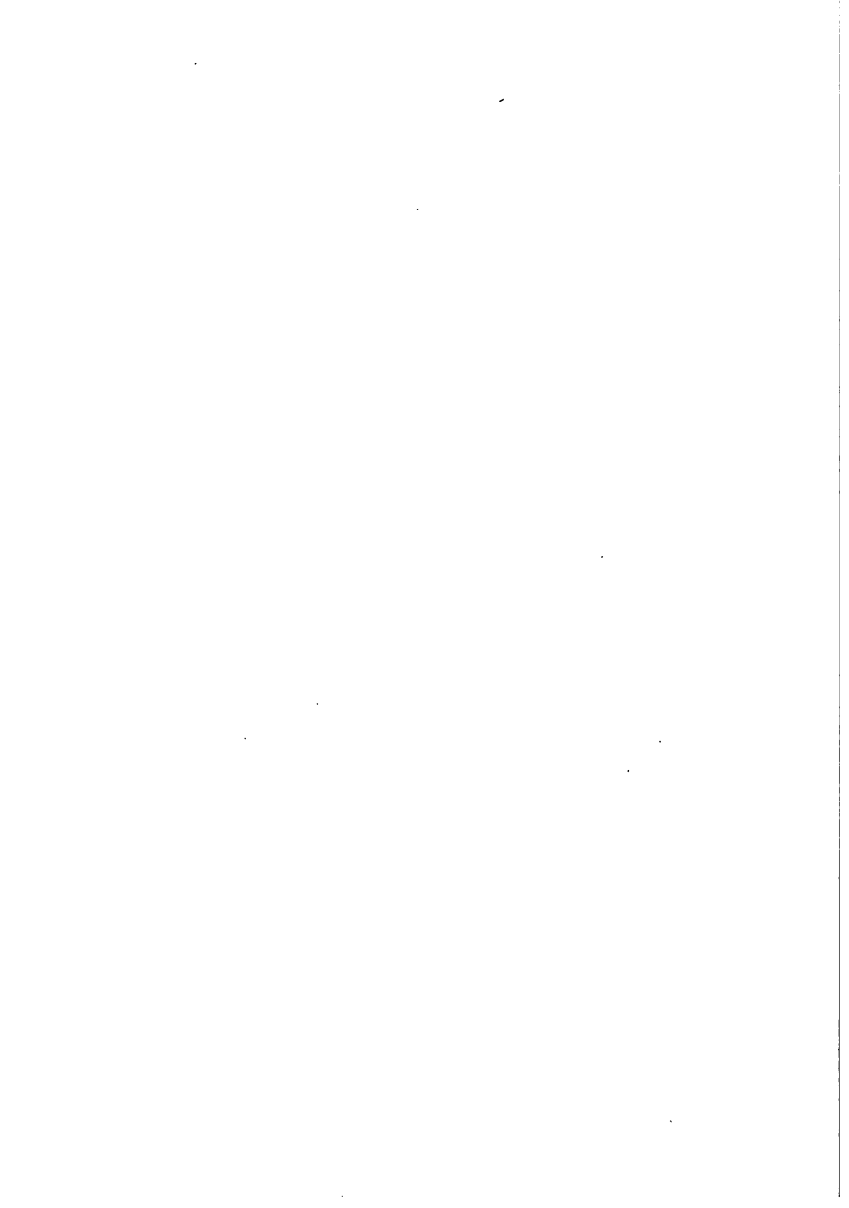
Sweeter greeting could not find he  
O'er the whole world had he sought ;  
Grateful thanks I send the giver  
For the flowers and the thought.

THE VIOLET'S LESSON.<sup>1</sup>

ON a fair spring morn,  
When the flowers were born,  
As I wandered, careless and wild,  
I asked a violet,  
Dewily wet,  
“What meanest thou, darling?” “Faithfulness,  
child.”

Homeward returned I;  
Faithfully learned I  
Tasks I had slighted, patient and mild.  
Proud of my emblem meet,  
“Violet sweet,  
What meanest thou?” cried I. “Modesty, child.”

<sup>1</sup> The violet is the flower of faithfulness, and also of modesty.



## SONNETS.



### MORNING IN VENICE.

THE Adriatic's chilly breath has ceased  
The dawn's resistless coming to delay,  
And turns, in honor of the conquering day,  
To golden clouds of incense in the East.  
But still about the City of the Sea  
Clings, like a maiden's veil, a tender mist ;  
She looks again the radiant bride he kissed  
In her first flush of youthful majesty.  
The rosy marble of her palace seems  
A western sunrise, and the sun's own glow  
In the warm colors of the sails below,  
While high upon her soaring tower gleams  
The shining angel which her saint has given  
To lead his city's thoughts from earth to heaven.

## INSPIRATION.

O FRIEND, thou vainly seekest to confine  
All truth and comfort to a single source ;  
Despair of doubt and anguish of remorse  
Were conquered not alone in Palestine.  
Through myriad channels works the power divine ;  
As in a river, with resistless force  
Sweeping majestic on its seaward course,  
The waters of a thousand streams combine.  
No mortal power the drops can separate,  
Nor tell from what far distant hills they came ;  
But from the founts of heaven silently  
Their sources all are fed, and, soon or late,  
Their final destiny is still the same, —  
To mingle in the all-embracing sea.

TWO MEN.

**BOTH** loved and honored, yet how different !  
One seems to dwell in regions more serene  
Than we inhabit, and his lofty mien  
Shames our unworthiness, our low content,  
And of a nobler life is eloquent.  
Ardent, impulsive is the other, keen  
His ready wit, alike to great and mean  
His wide and eager sympathy is lent.  
The first is like the mountains, calm and grand,  
Unshaken by the elements they stand ;  
The other like the ever-varying sea,  
Now tossing playfully its spray aloft,  
Now gloomy, silent, tranquil now and soft,  
Now thundering wave on wave resistlessly.



ON a fair plan is built this world of ours :  
Each instinct has its beautiful design,  
And every longing is a call divine  
To wake within the soul its slumbering powers,  
And fill with glad fruition golden hours,  
When strength and opportunity combine,  
As suddenly in April rain and shine  
Start into fragrant life the sleeping flowers.  
But he whose hearth is cold and desolate,  
The lives departed he was wont to bless,  
Must think of hungry souls unsatisfied,  
Of filial yearning warped to bitter hate,  
Of mother-arms that ache for emptiness,  
Of gifts bestowed, and power to use denied.

**W**HEN I am with thee, love, my soul is free  
From any taint of selfish hope or fear ;  
In thy dear eyes, so heavenly calm and clear,  
The earnest of a higher life I see.  
I am content in only loving thee,  
Content to feel thy radiant spirit near,  
And comprehend that even now and here  
I entertain celestial company.  
But when thou goest, passion wakes to life,  
In anguish crying to possess its own,  
Not one among the many, but alone,  
And plunges all my being into strife ;  
And love unrecompensed is bitter pain  
Till thy sweet presence comforts me again.

THEY say I speak so coldly in thy praise,  
I cannot love thee truly. Oh, my own,  
Who slowly in my inmost life hast grown,  
The guardian of my daily thoughts and ways,  
Thou too, perchance, may muse that in my lays  
This miracle of love is never shown,  
To carry, wheresoe'er my words have flown,  
The gentle picture of these blessèd days.  
Men praise the thing from which they stand apart,  
Not that within themselves of first and best ;  
The wondrous love thou givest is in me,  
I feel it in the beating of my heart,  
I know it in the heaving of my breast :  
When thou art near, I seem thyself to be.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

WITH your clear eyes I see a radiance fair  
Before to my blind vision all unknown ;  
I carry with your feet a weight my own  
With halting steps were never wont to bear ;  
Upon your wings I soar to heaven, and there  
Its glories by your intellect am shown ;  
I pale and redden at your will alone,  
Am cold in sunshine, warm in frostiest air.  
Your will is ever more my sole desire ;  
Within your heart is born each wish of mine ;  
My words are of your breath, beloved one.  
Like to the moon am I that has no fire,  
But only we perceive in heaven to shine  
As much as 't is enkindled by the sun.

## FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

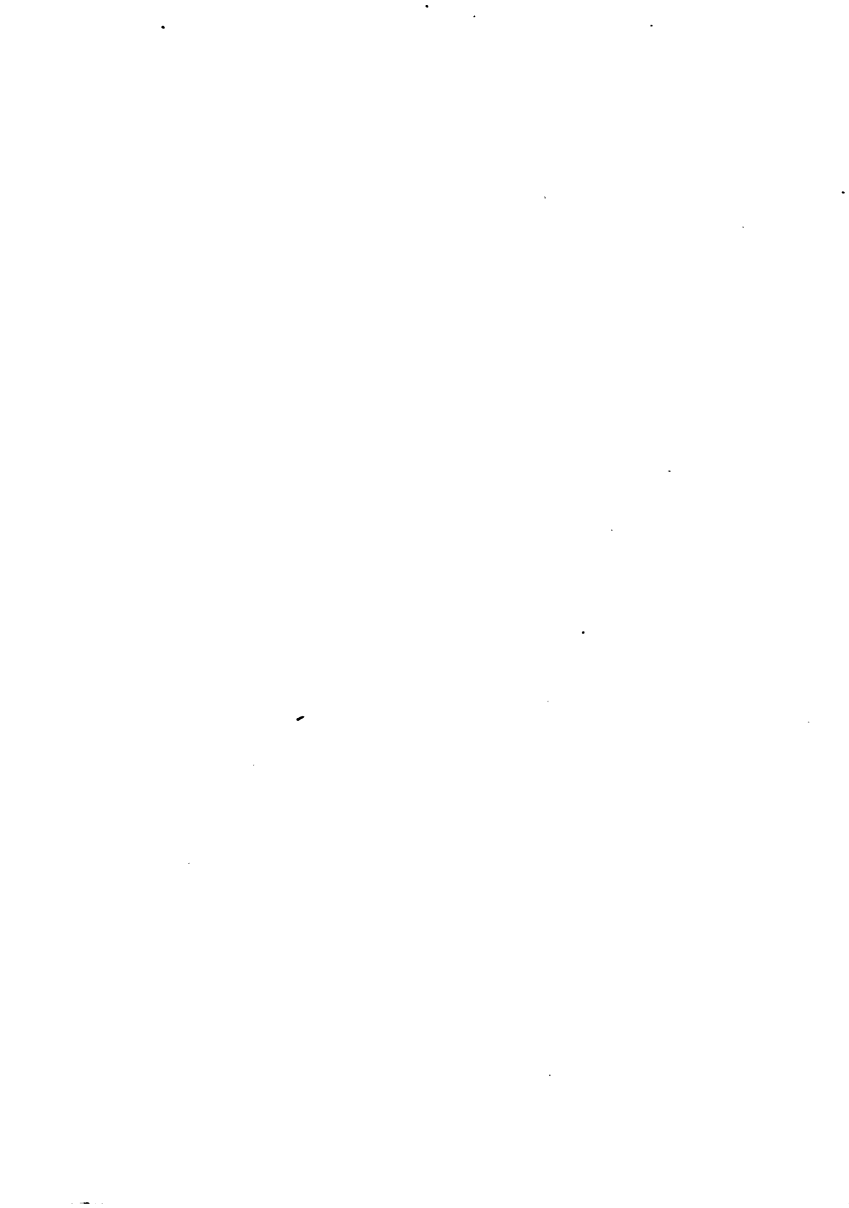
MY Lady, in thy beauteous face I see  
What I in earthly speech can poorly say ;  
My soul, though still within its garb of clay,  
Is raised thereby to God exultingly.  
And though the crowd, malicious and debased,  
Impute to others its own low desires,  
Not therefore are less sweet the holy fires  
Of love and faithfulness and longing chaste.  
All virtue that we look upon below  
More than aught else resembles to the wise  
That Fount divine, the source of all that be ;  
No foretaste else, no other fruit we know  
Of heaven on earth ; and loving thee, I rise  
To God, and even death is sweet to me.





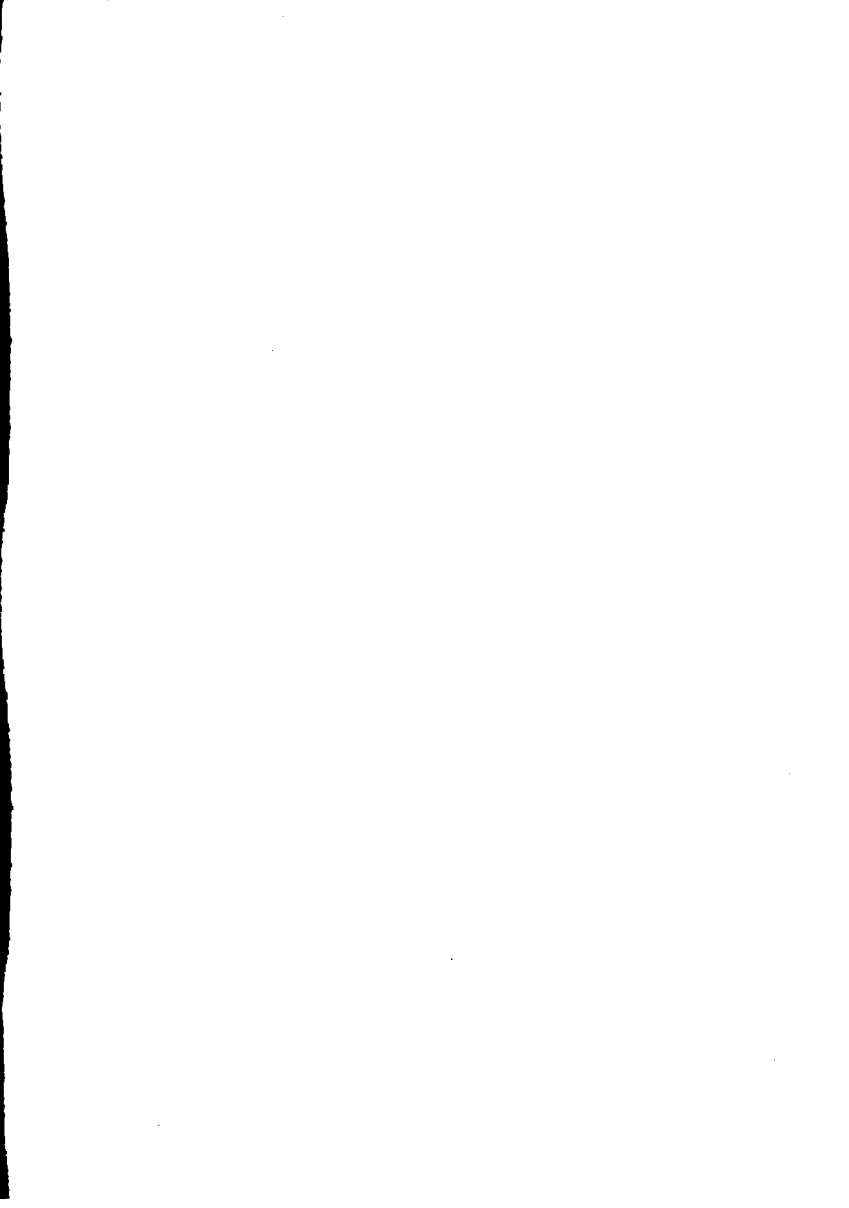














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